



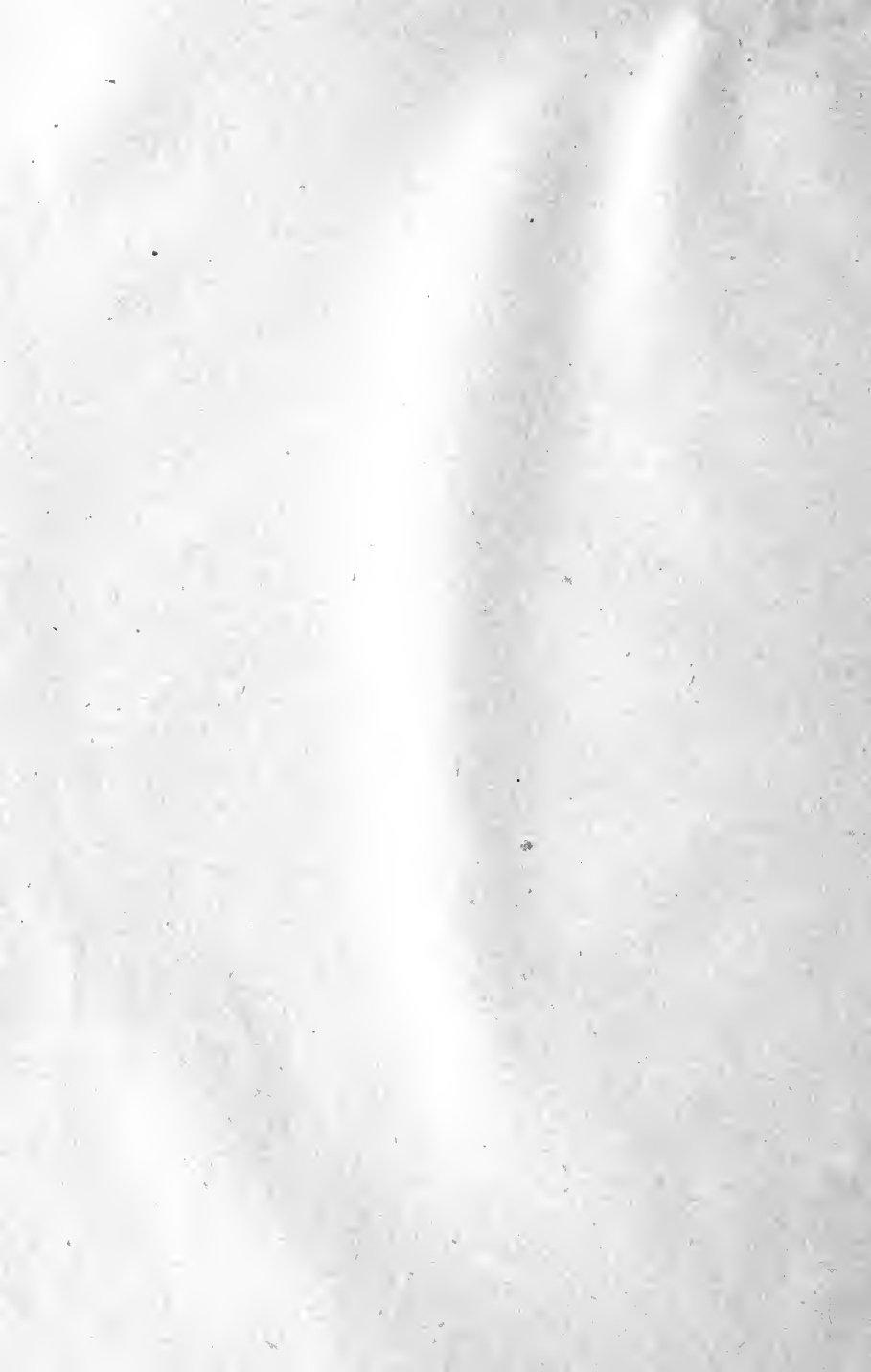


2250

1035

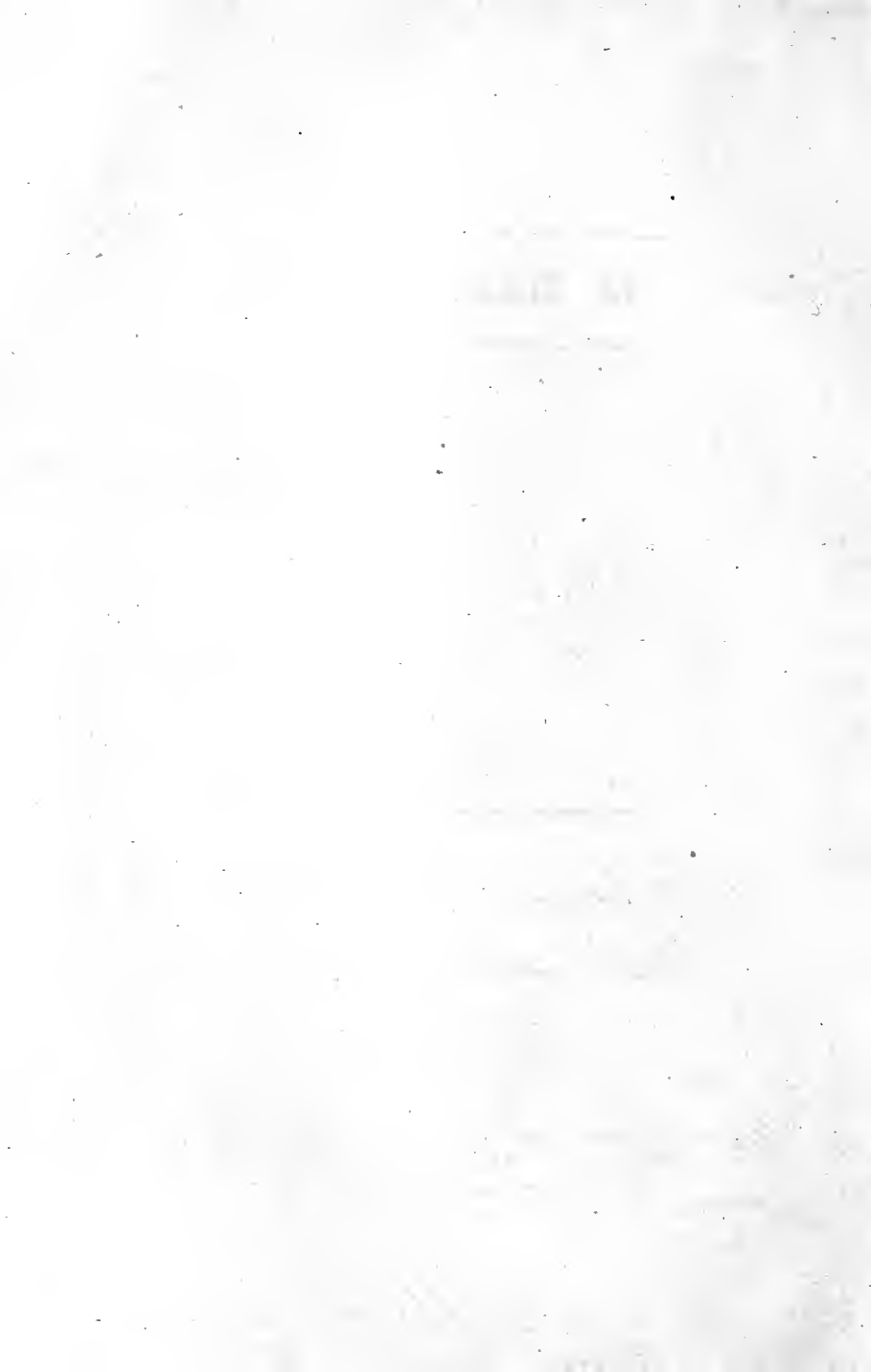
52812

1035



Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2010 with funding from
The Institute of Museum and Library Services through an Indiana State Library LSTA Grant

IN MEMORIAM.



rd
Fall River, Jan. 29th.
1867.

Charles H. Hart Esq.

Dear Sir,

The following is
a copy of the title page of my
Lincoln poem.

"
In Memoriam.

By John Westall.

Read before the Municipal
Authorities and Citizens of Fall
River, at the Memorial Service
in view of the Death of Abraham
Lincoln, held in the City Hall.
June 1st. 1865.

Fall River:
Almy, Milne & Co.
1865. 11

Size; small 8vo..
Type. S. Number of Copies. 185.

The poem was also printed
in the Fall River Daily News,
and the Fall River News, our
weekly paper; in both there
were at least 1200 Copies.

If I had more than
one perfect Copy left, I
would send it, but they are all
gone but one.

Your letter was put away
and overlooked, or it would have
been answered earlier.

The Rev. Thos. Worcester D.D.
of Boston, delivered a discourse
on the good President, and I
will try to get one, and send
a Copy, if printed, to you.

I hope this will not be too
late to be of service to you.

Yours respectfully

John Westall.

¹⁴
Fall River.

Feb 7. 8th.

1867.

My dear Sir,

I have been away
from home most of the
time since Monday, so
your letter would have been
answered earlier,

There were no
large Copies. 185 is an
odd number, as you say.

It came about in this
way. I wanted to print
a few Copies in pamphlet
form, and one of our
booksellers had a lot of
paper, ("the remainder
biscuit,") which suited better
than any thing else which

could be found; and that
was the reason for the odd
number.

I hope you received the
copy of Dr. Worcester's
address.

There is an address
by the Rev. Mr. Jean of
Providence which I
have thought of, and if I
can find it, will send it.

Yours respectfully

J. M. Westall.

2
Fall River,

Feb. 15th.

1867.

Dear Sir,

I was in Providence
on Tuesday, and called
upon the Rev. Sidney
Dean, and learned from
him that he had sent
you a copy of his Eulogy
of Pres. Lincoln,
delivered at Providence.

He delivered an
Address here at the time
my Poem was read, but
it was not published
in pamphlet form.

Extracts from it were
given in our "Daily News"
and also in the weekly

Paper.

We have had no other Celebration than one upon the receipt of the news of Lee's surrender, and that was an impromptu affair.

Yours respectfully
John Westall.

Charles H. Hart Esq.

IN MEMORIAM.

BY JOHN WESTALL.

Read before the Municipal Authorities and Citizens of
Fall River, at the Memorial Services in view of the
Death of ABRAHAM LINCOLN, held in the City Hall,
June 1st, 1865.

FALL RIVER:
ALMY, MILNE & CO.
1865.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN,

The Martyr President.

BORN FEB. 12th, 1809.

DIED APRIL 15th, 1865.

IN MEMORIAM.

The Nation meets to mourn the martyred Dead,
His many virtues to commemorate!
The patriot hero whose pure spirit led
To nobler heights of manhood all the State.

Cradled among the new life of the West,
He knew the rough backwoodsman's sturdy toil;
Boatman, rail-splitter; Freedom, proud, confessed
His strength was gathered from her virgin soil.

By patient culture, step by step, he rose
From the rude cabin of the humblest poor;
Wrestling from year to year with Life's stern foes,
Till Victory opened wide her crystal door.

He grew unknown, as grew the mighty trees
Amidst rich California's golden vales,
Until his name is heard on every breeze,
Like odors wafted by the vernal gales.

Modest as brave! The old world looked amazed
Among her Kings, but could not find a peer
To place beside this man whom Freedom raised
Amidst the bold life of the rough frontier.

His country called him from his prairie home
Pure as the breeze that sweeps its sea-like plain,
When Treason's serpents hissed beneath the Dome
Where Honor now renews her happy reign.

Then Slavery raised its grim and bloody hands,
Red with long years of unrequited toil,
And sought to ruin all these sunny lands,
And Freedom's temple ruthlessly to spoil.

He called his Country to her duty then,
In words of quiet, yet majestic power ;
She rose, and sent her loyal hearted men
To save the nation in that perilous hour.

His honest heart gave to his intellect
A larger power Heaven's purpose to fulfill,
In his great work that purpose to reflect,
And bow submissive to God's sovereign will.

He loved his country better than his life,
And ever held her good above his own ;
Through the long night of dark, fraternal strife,
The starry light of Duty round him shone.

His thoughts were quaint and sinewy, clear and
strong,
Touched with the light of heaven, how grand
they are !
" If slavery is not wrong, there's nothing wrong,"
How the thought glitters like the morning star !

With the light tale upon his playful lips,
He balanced the great burdens of his heart,
As the white spray with feathery lightness tips
The mountain waves that rend the shores apart.

He won a mightier victory than the sword !
While patriot heroes held the foe at bay,
He wrote EMANCIPATION's lightning word
And all the darkness melted into day !

" With malice toward none, with charity for all,"
He went right onward, manly and sincere ;
Hearing the voice of God in Duty's call,
Breathing Truth's pure and radiant atmosphere.

His soul was gentle Mercy's chosen seat,
She found on earth no fairer dwelling-place ;
Widow and orphan could their woes repeat,
And found their wants supplied with tenderest
grace.

From Faith's clear mountain heights he saw afar,
Above the clouds the stars of victory shine,
While in the vale the fiery hosts of War,
Lost in the battle-smoke, charged line to line.

He knew that God is Just, and his clear voice
In words of beauty which shall never fade,
Proclaimed that truth, and made all hearts rejoice
As up to heaven his country's thought he led.

He saw Rebellion's horrid front go down,
And from its capital the leaders fly ;
Leaving their history on the burning town,
Whose smouldering ruins blackened all the sky.

They fled with crime deep-branded on each brow!
Their vanquished armies vanishing away,
And o'er their capitol in glory now
Triumphant floats the Flag of Liberty !

How we rejoiced when the glad tidings came !
The bells rang out and shook the bright blue
heaven ;
The streets were all ablaze with glory's flame,
And every banner to the breeze was given.

The songs of joy ran o'er the land like fire,
All hearts exultant leaped with wild delight ;
We saw the dawn of Peace gild every spire,
And with thanksgivings hailed the holy sight.

But in an instant all the joy was gone !
Gloom clothed the earth, and darkness filled
the skies !

The assassin's hand shot down the gentlest man
That ever ruled a nation's destinies.

O day of darkness ! day of black eclipse !
O day of sorrow, when tears fell like rain !
The nation's heart stood still, and with hushed lips
She sat like Memnon on the Theban plain.

O cursed Slavery, that foul deed was thine !
Thine was the head the awful murder planned !
The heart lit with the fires of hell was thine !
And thine the assassin's dark and treacherous
hand !

Sweep from the earth the bitter, biting curse !
Sweep from the land that plague-spot of our
shame !
And let the chronicler no more rehearse
Deeds which lost demons might be slow to claim !

Foul Parricides ! they slew their kindest friend !
The gentlest heart that ever for them beat !
And called stern Justice henceforth to defend
The rights a nation's birthright gives to it !

The nation mourned his loss, as ne'er before
A nation mourned when its great chief was dead;
And as along from State to State they bore
The earthly form which once he tenanted,—

The millions gathered ; and by day and night,
With heads uncovered, passed around his bier ;
Or, by the road-side in the dim torch light,
In silence wept, as the dark train drew near.

We cannot measure now the world's great loss ;—
We cannot know our own ; the hand of Heaven
Shades the vast Future with the Present's cross,
That its rewards in freedom may be given.

We weep and mourn ! But O ! more deep than ours
Is the Slave's sorrow for his loss to day !
He touched the rod !—it bloomed with Freedom's
flowers ;
He touched the chain ! and Slavery passed away !

On many an humble cabin's earth-made floor,
Their tears fall fast, as if all hope had fled ;
Heart-stricken groups by Carolina's shore
Sing soft their solemn dirges for the dead.

The nations gather round his new made tomb,
Mingling their grief with thine, O weeping land !
Peoples and Kings, deep-bowed with sorrow come,
And give to thee the sympathizing hand.

His life united all our land in one ;
His death unites the world,—whose heartfelt
tears
For many a selfish act shall now atone,
And heal the wounds that might have bled for
years.

Like travellers in Egypt's templed land,
Who view with wonder the great pyramid,
And at its base within its shadow stand,
See not its greatness, for to them 'tis hid,—

We stand to-day too near him yet to see
His character in all its strength and power ;—
Perhaps the world must wait a century
To know the fruit of this consummate flower.

Rise from the dust, O chastened nation, rise !
Complete the work thy martyred chief began !
That Liberty descending from the skies,
May bless with all her gifts the humblest man !

" Mercy is slain, and let not Justice too
Be slain beside it," by foul Treason's hand ;
For know, O weeping nation, calm and true,
Justice is mercy to a troubled land.

Justice is mercy for us here to-day ;
Justice is mercy for all future time ;
Let her rule, then, with pure benignant sway,
And purify the land from Treason's crime.

Let nought disturb her true-poised, even scales,
For all the nation's destinies lie there ;—
Peace, that shall clothe with life the southern
vales ;
Freedom, that fills with joy the northern air ;

Love, that shall make a new creation spring
Where " green Niagara " leaps its depths
among,
To the bright shores where fair Palmettos sing,
Or soft savannas echo with their song.

" Deep calleth unto deep," in this sad hour !
The strong foundations of the heart are stirred ;
Yet Faith revives beneath the Spirit's power,
Raised to new life by God's most Holy Word.

Thou art not dead ! pure Heart ! above Earth's
strife
Thy home of rest is Love's serenest sphere.
To him, Death is the grandest step in life,
Who lives from God in Faith and Duty here.

Thou art not dead ! The good man never dies !
Through all the Future with increasing power
His name, his thoughts, his deeds forever rise,
Bright towers of strength in evil's darkest hour.

Hope of the nations waiting to be free !
Mankind with Honor crowns thee, martyred
One !
And with new baptism makes thy land to be
The land of Lincoln and of Washington.

The distant ages shall thy fame prolong,
Hero and Statesman ! and from sea to sea
Thy praise shall flow on the great tides of song,
Heralding the dawn of Freedom's jubilee.

We thank Thee, Heavenly Father ! Fount of
Love !
For the example of the good and great,
They are thy servants sent us from above,
Teach us their noble deeds to emulate !

By them may we be ever led to Thee !
And may our Country, guided by Thy Word,
Become through sorrow's angel ministry,
That blessed nation whose God is the Lord.









